

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, April 23, 1803.

[No. 29]

THE INDIANS.

A TALE.

Continued from p. 218.

THEY were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom, in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The elders were assembled: the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Though Marano was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader, in the prime of youth, was comely, vigorous, and graceful. The gulleness of undaunted and indignant valor was portrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye full of ardor and invincible firmness surveyed the preparations of death with indifference,

and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, tho' valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution; their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but, turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth, like Oneyo, may be lamented. Some tender maiden, to whom his faith has been plighted, may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate." She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years, she was a stranger to her people and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed; and he who had been to her as a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavor to save him? Could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings? Meantime one

of the elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then with a look of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the captive. "The caldron boils, the axe is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us; he lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death." "Inflict your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns them. I have no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Inflict your tortures: my soul contemns them; but remember, the day of vengeance shall overtake you."

Marano was astonished. Of Albany! Reft of his parents by the sword! And of a sister!—Suffice it to say, the captive was her brother—Mutual was their amazement, their affection mutual. She fell on his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms. His soul was softened. Marano for a time was speechless. At length weeping, and in broken accents she exclaimed, "And have I found thee! A brother to solace and support me! Who will sooth me with

THE VISITOR,

sympathising tenderness! Who will guide me through the weary wilderness of my sorrow! Who will be to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn; my soul languished and was afflicted; but now I will endure with patience." Then turning to the astonished multitude. "He is my brother! Born of the same parents! If I have ever merited your favor, O save him from destruction." They were deeply affected. "Be not dismayed," said Ononthio. He spoke with the consent of the elders. "Be not dismayed. The brother of Marano shall be to us as Oneyo." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger. "Young man, I have lost a son, Marano a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we are desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of Marano; by her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valor, and steady boldness, may you inherit his renown." So saying, he presented to him the calumet of peace, and a girdle of wampum. Sidney listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. To have given him his life would not have surprised him; but the transition from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension. You reason," answered the Indian, "according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms; and they give the hand of friendship, while they meditate injury. As their resentments are ever mingled with malice, they are lasting. They are not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to secure them from future wrong, but endeavor to ruin the offender, and overwhelm him with utter infamy. Conscious of the bitterness of their own souls, they impute a corresponding temper to their adversaries. Their resentment, instead of being lessened by gratification, grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and thus it becomes easier for them to forgive the wrong they suffer, than the injury they inflict. The implacable unforgiving temper produced by malevolence, timidity and con-

scious weakness ever predominates in effeminate and feeble natures. But the resentment of generous souls is liberal, and leaves room for reconciliation and future friendship. Men of mild and benevolent dispositions, unpolluted by covetous desires, and therefore unimbittered by their unhappy effects, by envy, rancor and malice, are magnanimous without any effort, ever desirous of being forgiven, and ever apt to forgive. You was about to suffer death, and you accuse us in your heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to whom the Great Spirit hath imparted reason and reflection, that he is more depraved than the wild beasts of the desert: for even they are not cruel, but in their defence, and for their own preservation. Judge not therefore of our conduct till you are acquainted with our motives, and have reflected on our condition. He truly is barbarous and inhuman, who to satisfy some lewd or selfish appetite, unworthy of reason, unworthy of human nature, destroys the peace of the innocent, practises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the feeble and defenceless, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the freedom of his people for gold. But the simple Indian is not inhuman. Our reason may be obscured, but our principles are innocent. Our passions may be excessive, but they are not corrupt. Deeply afflicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and moved with high veneration for the memory of a gallant warrior, we thought of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his virtues. As we grieve not for the deceased, who is happy, and whose memory will be for ever revered, but for ourselves who are deprived of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honor the dead. You was about to suffer death, but to a resolute undaunted warrior, death is not an injury; it exempts him from corporeal infirmities, and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. Death is not a misfortune but to the feeble; to those whose lives have dishonored their memory, who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and affront the Almighty with their distrust. We admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve we now offer you our friendship."

"Can I," answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, "who am of a different origin, born of a people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation?"

"It is the language of prejudice," replied Ononthio, "the simple, unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a stranger to your distinctions. Is not the Great Spirit the father of us all? Are we not all children of the same family? And have we not in the structure both of body and mind, undoubted evidence of the same original? Nature, ever wise, and provident for her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their country. But nature never commanded us to hate or contemn the stranger. Avoid the contagion of vice, avoid all those whose corrupt and degenerate nature may contaminate the purity of your innocence, and infect your bosom with guilt. But every other distinction estranging us from mankind, and setting us at variance with society, is the offspring of pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a different religion, I deny. Like the Indian, you acknowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity of the creating Spirit: it matters not though the external form and mode of your acknowledgment be different, or though you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country; but give us your friendship and intrepid valor."

To this he replied, "Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

"Away with your culture and refinement," said Ononthio. Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain, and acquiesce in the will of heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation, and fortitude? No! they unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! they promote intemperance and mental anarchy.

To be concluded in our next,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

JOAN of Arc, the famous and intrepid Maid of Orleans, was born in the village of Domremi, on the borders of Lorraine, where she lived as a shepherdess, and a servant at a small inn, till the age of twenty-seven years, during which time she led an irreproachable life, and had hitherto testified none of those enterprising qualities which displayed themselves soon after. She contentedly fulfilled the duties of her situation, and was remarkable only for her modesty, and love of religion. But during the reign of Henry the fourth, when John, duke of Bedford, was regent of France, the miseries of her country seemed to have been one of the greatest objects of her compassion and regard. Her king expelled his native throne, her country laid in blood, and strangers committing unnumbered rapines before her eyes, were sufficient to excite her resentment, and to warm her heart with a desire of redress. Her mind, inflamed by these objects, and brooding with melancholy steadfastness upon them, began to feel several impulses, which she was willing to mistake for the inspirations of heaven. Convinced of the reality of her admonitions, she had recourse to one Baudricourt, governor of Voucoulours, and informed him of her destination by heaven, to free her native country from its fierce invaders. Baudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but her importunities at length prevailed; and, willing to make a trial of her pretensions, he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

The French court were probably sensible of the weakness of her pretensions, but they were willing to make use of every artifice to support their declining fortunes. It was therefore given out, that Joan was actually inspired; that she was able to discover the king among the number of his courtiers, although he had laid aside all the distinctions of his authority; that she had told him such secrets, which were only known to himself; and that she had demanded, and minutely described, a sword in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, which she had never seen. In this manner the minds of the vulgar being prepared for her appearance, she was armed cap-a-pee, mounted on a charger, and shown in that martial dress to the

people. She was then brought before the doctors of the university; and they, tinctured with the credulity of the times, or willing to second the imposture, declared that she had actually received her commission from above.

When the preparations for her mission were completely blazoned, their next aim was to send her against the enemy. The English were at that time besieging the city of Orleans, the last resource of Charles, and every thing promised them a speedy surrender.— Joan undertook to raise the siege; and, to render herself still more remarkable, girded herself with the miraculous sword, of which she had before such extraordinary notices. Thus equipped, she ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out; she displayed in her hand a consecrated banner, and assured the troops of certain success. Such confidence on her side soon raised the spirits of the French army; and even the English, who pretended to despise her efforts, felt themselves secretly influenced with the terrors of her mission. A supply of provisions was to be conveyed into the town: Joan at the head of some French troops, covered the embarkation, and entered Orleans at the head of the convoy, which she had safely protected. While she was leading her troops along, a dead silence and astonishment reigned among the English; and they regarded with religious awe that temerity, which they thought nothing but supernatural assistance could inspire. But they were soon roused from their state of amazement by a sally from the town: Joan led on the besieged, bearing the sacred standard in her hand, encouraging them with her words and actions, bringing them up to the trenches, and overpowering the besiegers in their own redoubts. In the attack of one of the forts, she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; but instantly pulling out the weapon with her own hands, and getting the wound quickly dressed, she hastened back to head her troops, and to plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy.

The raising of the siege of Orleans was one part of the Maid's promise to the king of France: the crowning him at Rheims was the other. She now declared that it was time to complete that ceremony; and Charles in pursuance of her advice, set out for Rheims, at

the head of twelve thousand men. The towns through which he passed opened their gates to receive him; and Rheims sent him a deputation, with its keys, upon his approach. The ceremony of his coronation was there performed with the utmost solemnity; and the Maid of Orleans (for so she was now called) seeing the completion of her mission, desired leave to retire, alledging, that she had now accomplished the end of her calling. But her services had been so great, that the king could not think of parting; he pressed her to stay so earnestly, that she at length complied with his request.

A tide of successes followed the performance of this solemnity; Laon, Soissons, Chatteau-Thierry, Provins, and many other towns and fortresses in that neighborhood, submitted to him on the first summons. Soon after which the duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army, laid siege to Compigne, when the Maid of Orleans threw herself into the place, contrary to the wishes of the governor, who did not desire the company of one whose authority would be greater than his own. The garrison, however, were rejoiced at her appearance, and believed themselves invincible under her protection. But their joy was of short duration; for Joan having, the day after her arrival, headed a sally, and twice driven the enemy from their entrenchments, she was at last obliged to retire, placing herself in the rear, to protect the retreat of her forces. But in the end, attempting to follow her troops into the city, she found the gates shut, and the bridge drawn up by order of the governor, who is said to have long wished for an opportunity of delivering her up to the enemy.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the besiegers, in having taken a person who had been so long a terror to their arms. The service of Te Deum was publicly celebrated on this occasion.— The duke of Bedford was no sooner informed of her being taken, than he ordered her to be committed to close confinement. The credulity of both nations was at that time so great, that nothing was too absurd to gain belief, that coincided with their passions. As Joan but a little before, from her successes, was regarded as a saint, she was now, upon her captivity, considered as a sorceress, forsaken by the demon who had granted her a fallacious and temporary

assistance. Accordingly it was resolved in council to send her to Rouen to be tried for witchcraft, where Henry then resided; and the Maid, clothed in her formerly military apparel, but loaded with irons, was produced before this tribunal. Her behavior there no way disgraced her former gallantry; she betrayed neither weakness, nor womanish submission; but appealed to God and the pope for the truth of her former revelations. In the issue, she was found guilty of heresy and witchcraft, and sentenced to be burnt alive, the common punishment for such offences.

But, previous to the infliction of this dreadful sentence upon her, they were resolved to make her abjure her former errors; and at length so far prevailed upon her, by terror and rigorous treatment, that her spirits were entirely broken by the hardships she was obliged to suffer. Her former visionary dreams began to vanish, and a gloomy distrust to take place of her late inspiration. She publicly declared herself willing to recant, and promised never more to give way to the vain delusions which had hitherto misled her, and imposed on the people. This was what her oppressors desired; and, willing to show some appearance of mercy, they changed her sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life with bread and water.— But the rage of her enemies was not yet satisfied: they were willing to know if her reformation was equally certain.— Suspecting that the female dress, which she had consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effect of their temptation upon her. Joan, struck with the sight of a dress in which she had gained so much glory, immediately threw off her penitent's robes, and put on the forbidden garment. Her enemies caught her equipped in this manner; and her imprudence was considered as a relapse into her former transgressions. No recantation would suffice, and no pardon would be granted to her. She was condemned to be burnt alive in the market-place of Rouen; and this infamous sentence was accordingly executed upon her to the great disgrace of her enemies.

Love.—It is said that Armenidas killed himself in the arms of his mistress, thinking he could not feel the rigors of death when near her.

DEFENCE OF NOVELS.

From the *Boston Weekly Magazine*.

THE moralists of the present day cannot take up their pens but they make an immediate attack on novels and novel reading: these charming repositories of love, sensibility and sentiment are treated by those icy-hearted mortals with the greatest rudeness and incivility. But the circulating libraries do not meet with fewer customers, I assure you, Messrs. Printers, and we who delight in novels have the satisfaction of seeing, that in every library, novels are most called for, novels are most read, and novels are worn out before a single page of these moral authors is soiled.

It is however rather surprising, that among all the novel-readers in Boston, there has no one undertaken to say one word in favor of them; and will suffer the *Gossip* or any body else to rail against novels as much as they please, without using any means to support or defend them.

I have long waited for some one to come forward, and convince the world of the pleasures, enjoyments, and advantages gained from novels. But no one has yet offered—therefore for lack of better argument, I will contribute my individual support, by relating the pleasurable enjoyment they afford me.

Novels and romances are my greatest delight. They are my constant companions by day, and at night often rest under my pillow. I have novels on my toilet, novels on my table, novels on my chimney-place, novels on my chairs, novels all over my chamber. I would prefer a new novel to a new gown, and had rather loose my dinner than break off from a tender love-scene.

In novels I find all the nourishment of food, all the refreshment of sleep:—with my novels I am most happy; without them I should be miserable. For what do I not possess with my novels? Would I have lands and estates? What estate is preferable to the *Castle of Vilhain and Dunbayne*, *Austenburn Castle*, and the *Abbey of La Trappe*, which I have just purchased? Have I not besides the *Castle of Zittaw*, the *Castle of Otranto*, the *Castle of Inchiarly*, and the *Church of St. Gifford*? Aye—and

with them I possess no the *Perplexities of Riches*, nor fear the *Freaks of Fortune*.

What person enjoys better company than I do? Without the ceremony of introduction, I become acquainted with *Julia de Roubigne*, *Julia de St. Pierre*, the *Pair Hibernian*, the *Baroness d'Alantim*, *Lord Montague*, *Lord Aimworth*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, and the *Duke of Clarence*. When these tire me, I leave their company with as little ceremony as I entered into it; and with my *Fille de Chambre*, I go to visit *My Uncle Thomas*, where I am sure to find *Clarissa Harlow*, *Eliza Powel*, *Josephine*, and *Jemima*. I here enjoy the delights of *Excessive Sensibility*, and the charms of *Female Friendship*. We never talk of *Family Secrets*, nor suffer *Contradictions*, but discourse on the *Power of Sympathy*, and the *Exhibitions of the Heart*, and weep with the *Man of Feeling*, or mourn the sorrows of the *Hapless Orphan*.

On my return home, I make old *Rosamond Gray*, relate to me the *Persian Tales*, the *Turkish Tales*, and the *Tales of the Castle*, till sleep overpowers my eye-lids and I sink to rest.

Am I tired of a town life; I retire to my *Cottage in the Woods*, which is situated by the *Lake Windermere*, affords a most enchanting prospect. I walk in the *Valley of St. Gouherd*;—I meet with the *Gift of the Mountains*, the *Maid of the Hamlet*, and the *Mountain Cottager*; but the *Madman of the Mountain*, appears, and I hide myself in the *Pavillion*.

To pass away time, I go and visit the *Family of Ortenberg*, which resides in my neighborhood; where I amuse myself with the *Children of the Abbey*, the *Child of Misfortune*, and the *Child of Nature*; when these little fellows grow troublesome, I send them to the *Devil on two Sticks*, or the *School of Virtue*.

But what can equal the pleasantly thrilling sensations I feel, when reading of spirits and apparitions. The mere name of these bewitching creatures has such an effect on me, that it immediately causes a fascinating horror to pervade my frame. And who is not happy in having the heart and the imagination their sources of pleasure? As to the cold enjoyments of the understanding, they

belong to the hoary headed moralist, and deserve not the attention of a female of sensibility.

Hark! I hear the voice of the 'Invincible Man,' he would disclose to me 'Horrid Mysteries'—he gives me a 'Solmn Injunction' to follow where he leads—I go onward—we pass the 'Mystic Castle'—the solemn sound of the 'Midnight Bell' swells on the undulating air—the 'Spirit of the Castle' 'Groans in my Ear' behold, says he, the effect of 'Love and Madness,' I once possess'd—he disappears—the 'Spirit of Turret-ville' flits before me—we pass to a 'Subterranean Cavern.' What a place for a 'Nocturnal Visit!' This says the 'Invincible Man,' is the 'Haunted Cavern'—the 'Cavern of Death' could not be more gloomy?—we descend—all the 'Horrors of Oakendale Castle' present themselves—my eyes are deceived with 'Magical Delusions,' and there in a cloud is the 'Mysteries of Udolphi,'—it lightens—the cloud disperses and we see all 'Mysteries Elucidated.'

Adieu—I have just got into an interesting part of the 'Monk' and can stay to write to you no longer.

Yours,

BETSEY THOUGHTLESS.

THE MATRIMONIAL CREED.

WHOSOEVER will be married, before all things it is necessary that he hold the conjugal faith; and the conjugal faith is this, that there were two rational beings created both equal, and yet one superior to the other, and the inferior shall bear rule over the superior; which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall be scolded at everlasting.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman is inferior to the man, yet both are equal, and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman.

And yet they are not two obedient, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife. And yet there are not two dominions, but one dominion.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge, that wives must submit themselves to their husbands, and be subject to them in all things:

So are we forbidden by the conjugal faith, that they should be at all influenced by their wills, or pay any regard to their commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man.

Yet the man shall be the slave of the woman, and the woman the tyrant of the man.

So that in all things as is aforesaid, the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He therefore that will be married, must thus think of the woman, and the man.

Furthermore, it is necessary to submissive matrimony, that he also believe rightly the infallibility of the wife.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that the wife is fallible and infallible.

Perfectly fallible and perfectly infallible, of one erring soul, and unerring mind, subsisting: fallible as touching her female sex.

Who although she be fallible and infallible, yet she is not two but one woman, who submitted to lawful marriage, to acquire unlawful dominion; and promised religiously to obey, that she might rule in folly and injustice.

This is the conjugal faith; which, except a man believe faithfully, he ought never to be married.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Or, a New Puzzle in praise of Women.

HAPPY a man may pass his life While free'd from matrimonial chains
When he is govern'd by a wife
He's sure so suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to declare
The failings which in women dwell
The worth that falls to woman's share
Can scarce be call'd—perceptible.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride
Truth—darling of a heart sincere
In woman never can reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in vanity and pride
Their leisure hours in social joy
To spend is what all women hate.

3
Destruction take the men I say
Who make of women their delight
Those who contempt to women pay
Keep prudence always in their sight.

ANNA MARIA.

* When read in praise of women, the first and third lines, then the second and fourth, must be read.

ANECDOTES.

A minister finding his people not to have so much knowledge of their duty to God and their neighbor, as they ought to have, was resolved to examine and instruct them at home. Coming to a poor woman's house, among other questions, he asked her how many commandments there were? "Truly, Sir," said she, "I cannot tell. "Why, ten" said he. "A fine company," replied she, "God bless you and them together."—"Well but neighbor," says he, "do you think you can keep these commandments?"—"Ah! the Lord in heaven bless you, Sir, I am a poor woman, and can hardly keep myself: so how can I bear the charge of keeping so many commandments?"

Going a little farther, he stopt to explain the catechism to some half-grown girls; he told them their christian name was given them at their baptism, when they became christians; desiring them to recollect, should he hereafter repeat the question. After a few intervening observations, he says to one of them; "Well my love, when was your christian name given you?" "When I was a baby, Sir!" replied she.

A person complaining to Foote, that a man had ruined his character, "So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a damn'd bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."

Some one writing against gravity, says the gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool.

THE VISITOR,

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 23, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 19 persons during the week ending on the 17th inst. of whom 8 were adults and 11 children. One died of pleurisy; the remainder of diseases not mentioned.

A letter from Liverpool of the 10th March, received at Philadelphia, alluding to Mr. Gascoigne's letter, observes—"But this is not all the evidence we have of this circumstance—A host of information has reached us from London, all of which indicates an inevitable and immediate WAR."

On Monday last, the 18th, about 10 o'clock, many persons in the streets of this city were occupied in contemplating the singular phenomenon of the sun, moon, and a star at a short distance from each other, all shining at the same instant.

The notorious George White, known to almost all the prison-keepers and thief-takers in the United States, has been apprehended, and is now confined in Taunton goal. He was the ringleader of a gang of thieves, which is now broken up.

By the ship Margaret, capt. George Cleveland, from Sajou near Barcelona, arrived at Salem in 35 days passage, the following information is received:

The Margaret was at Malta the 10th of January, where she left the frigates Chesapeake, John Adams, and New-York, and the schooner Enterprize, bound off Tripoli in a day or two. The Chesapeake was to come home shortly, under the command of capt. Baron.—Bonaparte has declared war against the

Dey of Algiers. This news was not doubted at Barcelona. It was reported that the Dey had made enormous demands upon England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and the United States. The Tripolitans were expected to come out in the spring; and the Americans complained loudly of the want of some small cruisers which would be much more serviceable than frigates.

Salem Gaz.

Monday last, Mr. Minnett, of Langford, aged 86, was married to Miss Maiden, of the same place, aged 66, after a close courtship of 30 years.—This loving couple, would probably, have still continued to anticipate the charms of matrimony, but for the interference of a neighboring clergyman, by whose advice they were induced to go to the altar of Hymen.—*London paper.*

A letter from a gentleman in Amherst county, dated the 9th inst. mentions that a most atrocious murder was committed on the Monday night preceding, on the body of Doctor James Hopkins of that neighborhood, in his own house, by privately shooting him through the window just before he intended going to bed. As his wife and two other persons were in the house at that time, and as the person ran off immediately after firing it, it is presumed the horrid act was not committed with a view of plundering the house; and what is still more inexplicable, the person who committed the murder, never had any dispute with Doctor Hopkins and was but barely known by him; nay, the Doctor was very remarkable for his meek, placid and charitable deportment towards all his neighbors and all other persons.

The person who committed the murder is said to be one Lewis M'Queen, who has absconded, and notwithstanding twenty or thirty men have been continually in search of him, he is not yet taken.

Virginia Argus.

On Sunday morning the body of a drowned woman was picked out of the dock at Burling-slip. On examination it appeared her name was Margaret, that she used to follow for a livelihood selling fruit and vegetables in the Fly-Market, which place she left the even-

ing preceding about 8 o'clock, on her way home, but from the darkness of the night it is supposed she mistook it and fell into the dock.—*E. P.*

The following is an extraordinary and melancholy instance of the fragility of human hope:—A young lady of Dover, had been some years engaged to an officer belonging to the Tiger, and who went out under the patronage of the gallant defender of Acre; he returned home lately in that ship, and the meeting between these young people was such as might be expected in two attached amiable characters. The day before he arrived a small pimple appeared on the nose of Miss O——; whether the surprise had any immediate effect on the system or not, must be left to medical conjecture, but the inflammation suddenly extended itself round the part so slightly affected, and increased so rapidly, that on the second day she lost her sight, and, on the third, the affection reached her brain, she expired, vanishing from the high raised expectations of faithful attachment, as quickly as a flower, which withers before our eyes, even while we stop to gather it, and which would not seem more wonderful than the death of the young lady to all who knew the commencement of her illness.—*London paper.*

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, April 15.
The very popular and interesting play of *ABAELLINO*, the Great Bandit, altered from the German, by W. Dunlap. The afterpiece was *MODERN ANTIQUES*, or the *Merry Mourners*.

MONDAY, April 18.
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, *Goldsmith*, and *A TALE OF MYSTERY*, *Holcroft*.

WEDNESDAY, April 20.
THE TOURNAMENT, *Maria Starke*, and *THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE*, *Murphy*.

The new Tragedy is thus cast:
Ernest, Mr. Hallam.
Albert, Mr. Hodgkinson.
Thorrington, Mr. Tyler.
Eberhard, Mr. Fennell.
Seybelstorff, Mr. Hallam, jun.

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

231

Emershof,	Mr. Shapter.
Zenger,	Mr. Martin.
Oswald,	Mr. Hogg.
President,	Mr. Johnson.
Officer,	Mr. Robinson.
First Marshal,	Mr. Prigmore.
Agnes,	Mrs. Johnson.

We have seen few plays so perfect on a first representation, and recollect no one so splendidly got up: the satisfaction of the audience appeared commensurate to the exertions of the manager and performers.

The first scene of the second act, previous to the tournament, is a masterpiece of architectural composition, and does honor to the artist.

The tournament scene, is the most splendid scenic exhibition we have ever witnessed. The houses of the square decorated with trophies,—the magnificent perspective of the back ground—the amphitheatre for the Duke and his court, and the lists prepared for the Knights, formed a *Couf d' oeil*, which on discovery produced an effect little short of enthusiastic on every spectator, and longer plaudits than we remember on any similar occasion. The splendid armor of the knights and other decorations of the scene were equal to the expectations formed by the discovery of the square.

We pass over the intermediate scenes, to notice the finest picture our stage has ever produced: the Bridge over the Danube. This view, tho' composed of different pieces, so as to admit of passing the bridge, forms one complete whole, in just perspective, and produces the most brilliant and picturesque effect we remember any where to have seen on the stage. The moving pictures formed by the characters on the bridge, by the rescue of Agnes, and the execution of the Viceroy, produced the happiest effect, and were received with rapturous applause.

We will in our next give the story of the Tragedy, and some remarks on the performers.

On receiving the introductory remarks to a series of papers, entitled, *The Ladies' Friend*, we had concluded to publish them, but on receiving No. 1, we find it inferior to its introduction: of course it dies.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday, the 9th inst. Mr. Stephen Wilcox, to Miss Sally Reynolds, both of this city.

On Monday evening, Mr. Cornelius Dubois, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sally P. Ogden, of New-Jersey.

On Saturday evening, Sylvanus Miller, esq. to Miss Margaret Ackerly, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, William Stuart, esq. of Ontario County, to Miss Elizabeth Clinton, daughter of Gen. Clinton.

At Elizabethtown, on Saturday last, William M. Ross, M. D. to Miss Sarah Wilkinson.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. John Ensley, to Miss Ruth Root, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Philip A. Tabele, of this city, to Miss Mary Brower, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Brower, of Fishkill.

At New-Brunswick, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Marinus Warne, merchant, to Miss Eliza Brush, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. John Caldwell, merchant, of this city, to Miss Higinbotham, of Maryland.

At Halifax, capt. William Bowyer, to Miss Frances Wentworth, daughter of the Hon. B. Wentworth.



Deaths.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. John P. Pearce, Coroner of the city and county of New-York, aged 35.

On Monday morning, at Philadelphia, the Rev. Thomas Ustick.

On Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Hill, of this city, aged 79.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, *Musician's Repository*, No. 59; Main-
den Lane, has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of *PIANO FORTES*, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following *NEW SONGS*:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere—Evelina's Lullaby—Poor Mary—The Village Coquette—Once happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule without control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale—the Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's Work—The fair Huntress—the Blackbird—the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—Adown, adown, in the Valley—Little sinning's in Love—Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

WHAYTES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,
No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments sent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

THEATRE.

On Saturday evening, April 23d,
will be presented,
A Play, in 3 acts called,

The Battle of Hexham,
OR, DAYS OF OLD.

To which will be added,
A Comedy, in 3 acts called,

Next-door Neighbors.

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.

Blank Books of every description.
Bibles of every size.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, &c.
And a general assortment of
Stationery.

THE VISITOR.



FOR THE VISITOR.

Medora and Serena.
A TALE.

ONCE did Malvina mourn her widow'd state. Worn down with age, she to oppressive grief Yielded her tender frame; for distant wars Had robb'd the matron of a much lov'd spouse. Within yon thick-set wood a cottage stands, Solitary and low; from ev'ry noise, Save what the mountain-torrent spreads around, Far, far remov'd. To this secloister'd spot Retir'd the hoary dame, to give a loose The swelling grief, and breathe unhear'd by aught But the responsive hills, her pain-charg'd sighs. The only solace of her setting life, Flow'd from a daughter; a daughter circled With all the grace, that round her mother's form Once brilliant sported; the young Serena— A beauteous germ, just op'ning to the sun. Born to captivate, through the smiling vale, Where luxuriant flowers of the spring Mingle their sweets, oft she gamboll'd. Reclining Now, where yon pensive willow bends mournful O'er the chrystral stream, she marks the Linnet That flutters watchful, round her chirping brood, And from the tender scene, a lesson draws Of purest love. Frequent, like sportive kid She'd climb the mountain's rugged side; then quick Descent; or when the rays of midday sun Scorch'd the dry plain, beneath the cool covert Of th' embow'ring groves, in unison With the music of a rill, that amidst Wound its long course, she'd chant the sweet notes Of innocence. The bower's native warblers, Envious of the strain, perch'd around her head; So sweet the music of Serena's voice. As once at dawn of day, the nymph sported On the gently-waving hills, a noise came Upon the breeze, all sulter; she listens Attentive!—quick approaching it strikes th' ear Again! It was Medora the noble, Winding his horn, to direct the huntsmen To the fleet chace. The bounding courser close Pursues the timid deer; turning sudden 'Where the quick slope conjoins the plain below, He meets Serena; the steed all foaming Stops short! lightning darts from his staring eyes! The volving smoke streams from his nostrils wide! Stiff aitst his thick-set mane! In wonder Lock'd, Medora gaz'd! gaz'd with all his eyes! Nor thought his senses true;—a virgin fair With more than human grace and form divine, In a lone vale where man had ne'er trodden! The visionary form he would accost; His falt'ring tongue had lost its wonted pow'r. Thrice he renew'd th' attempt, and thrice he fail'd! Serena's fear now soften'd; turning round Towards the cot, she vanish'd in the wood. Medora look'd astonish'd round the grove,

Till dusky eve had spread her table claky; Then slow retrac'd his way, deeply musing, As through the gloom he pass'd, on what was seen. The sacred grove where dwelt the wond'rous fair Again Medora seeks. The nymph lie meet, Girt with all her bloom, tripping 'cross the vale! "Stay, stay!" he cries, his words arrest her speed; "Has he whose metey sleeps not plac'd thee here, To guard the fretted deer; to dazzle blind, By such transcendent light, the eager huntsman, "And thus protect thy charge? Say, habitant! Of this allotted vale, whence; whence art thou?" Serena spake not, but pointed yonder To the far distant nole, o'er whose proud top, The smoke, in fleecy curle, hangs floating loose; Then measur'd slow her way; and as she rais'd Her down-cast eyes, fraught with loveliest grace, A gleam of brightest light darted athwart Medora's soul, and rais'd love's ardent flame. From that eventful moment, for Serena Medora sigh'd; many suns had risen On the dejected lover. He no more Sought mirth's gay haunts. No more the arched dome Return'd his peals of joy. Along the mead, When the moon tipp'd its flow'r with silv'ry light, He lov'd to stray; or recline by the stream Whose banks echo'd his sighs. Deep sunk his soul Until by pressure its immortal spring Acquir'd a force, that heav'd its weight aloft. To fair Serena, who long had given A silent welcome to the admirer, He soon disclos'd the records of his heart. A modest blush her sympathy bespoke; For love needs not tongues to speak its feelings; Looks, sighs, nay silence, speak more eloquent Than thousand tongues. Beneath a thick bower Of twining jasmines, oft the lovers met, In th' interchange of thought and love sincere, To beguile the hours. Chief, by yon lake, In silent slumbers hush'd, which through the glade Now pours its silv'ry light, was their retreat; For love delights in the solema and still. At Hyman's shrine, soon their fond wishes were consummated; upon the altar, Smok'd the sacred censer, whose rich fragrance Mix'd in the fretted arch. To the mother, The joyous tidings they quick transported; At the event, life's fast-expiring embers Kindled anew. The lovely Serena With her ag'd mother left their peaceful cot, To taste the joys which tend the splendid dome. The love Medora for his fair one bore, Sure nought could equal; the world's seductive And ever-winning pomp, with all its charms, He willing shunn'd, t' enjoy Serena's smiles. Thus flow'd awhile the stream of short-liv'd bliss; But all! how shall the muse, the sad reverse That mark'd Serena's doom, essay to paint? Or how the blight that nipp'd her op'ning bliss? Fain would the muse, the sad-recording muse, By floods of mournful tears, efface the crime. He left Serena!—mysterious change! Hence mortals learn, to know the fragile heart; He who once taught e'en doves, to fee the flame Which heav'n-born love inspires, to the mild lore Has grown a stranger! Ye myrtles that bloom'd Once, in perennial veriture, change ebon black! No more, ye jasmines, twine the fragrant rose! Beneath the grief Serena's frame sunk deep; To yon bright mansion, whence it ever comes Her reason bent its speedy flight. Frantic And wild she flies o'er the moss-cover'd plain!

Isoufflets her hair upon the wind; pallid And wan her sunken cheeks! fierce rolls her eyes, See! how th' affrighted sparrow she pursues; Which fancy makes love's friendly harbinger! Now for Medora her tender hands scratch A shallow grave! then hurrying away, She heedless scales the mountain's rugged cliff. Look! she bends o'er the dizzy rock to grasp, The flutt'ring pinions of the passing larks! Urg'd by reproachful stings, Medora seeks The long lost fair. After much fruitless search, As sound a broken rock, he sudden turn'd, Serena's form, perch'd on the dark margin: Of a wide yawning gulph, quick meets his eye! What could be done?—to speak was instant death, Night stealing on!—Serena totter'd! He call'd!—Serena shriek'd!—and down a corse! Lifeless and mangl'd-all, she fell below! Wild despair seiz'd Medora! he headlong Plung'd in Serena's arms; there breath'd his last! Beside th' embracing dead, a pitying stream Wound its gentle course, and now, even now, In music sweetly-plaintive, murmurs forth To the listening groves, Serena's hapless doom!

ALPHONSE.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pumatum, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.